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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

VOLUME LXXV.—No. 1181.
Price 10 Cents.

FREE SUPPLEMENT—CHARLEY MURPHY, GREAT BICYCLIST



KISSED THE BLUSHING "COPPER."

YOUNG WOMAN WITH A MANIA FOR OSCULATION CREATES A SCENE, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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No. 1153

OUT SEPTEMBER 14.

ORDER IN ADVANCE.

THIS ISSUE WILL CONTAIN
GREAT DOUBLE-PAGE IL-
LUSTRATION AND THE
STORY BY ROUNDS OF THE
CONTEST BETWEEN THESE
CLEVER LITTLE MEN. + +

RICHARD K. FOX,

PUBLISHER,

NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP

BRIEF AND TO THE POINT AND PROFESSIONAL

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Amusement Houses Are Just Awakening From Their Long
Summer Sleep and Managers Are Hustling.

"POLICE GAZETTE" IS BECOMING MORE POPULAR.

Stewart Sisters Run Away From a Three Weeks' Engagement Because of the
Yellow Fever Scare—Four Cohans Will Open Columbus Theatre.

The Stewart Sisters had to cancel a three weeks' engagement in Virginia in consequence of the quarantine caused by the yellow fever scare. They are spending this week at their mother's farm, near Olean, N. Y.

The Columbus Theatre, in Harlem, will open as a vaudeville house on September 4, with the Four Cohans, Hallen and Fuller and others in the bill.

Querita Vincent has left San Francisco for her tour of the Eastern vaudeville houses prior to joining the Rays in "A Hot Old Time." Miss Vincent's last night at the Olympia will be a memorable one to

stantaneous success. She was engaged for eight weeks, but will return in time to fill her re-engagement with Bowery Burlesquers.

Vaudeville performances are being given at the Captain's Pier and Avoca Villa, Bath Beach, L. I.

After over a year of steady work, Maud Caswell and Arthur Arnold are taking a short vacation



The Chorus Girls are Making for Home to Get Ready for Rehearsals.

Olympia patrons. Her friends deluged her with flowers, and she was recalled again and again. She will play the Kansas City Orpheum, Chicago Opera House, Ferris Wheel Park, Masonic Roof Garden and other houses and will then come to New York.

Lafayette was the headliner at Keith's Boston house recently and received many complimentary notices for his work.

Charles F. Edwards, manager of "Mr. Bluff of New York," is at present in the box office of the Auditorium Pier, Atlantic City, for Hurtig and Seamon. All arrangements have been completed for the opening of his company on September 16.

The World's Trio (Lulu Ryan, Emma Woods and Perry Ryan), one of the features of Hurtig and Seamon's "A Social Maid," will leave London so as to arrive in New York in time for rehearsals. During their short engagement on the other side they scored a big hit.

"Fred" Niblo has made a big hit on the Orpheum circuit. His success everywhere has been phenomenal. He has not lost a week since August, 1898, and is booked solid to October, 1899.

Pauline Moran, who made a big hit last season with Hurtig and Seamon's Bowery Burlesquers, and who left for London in June, made her first appearance at the Alhambra, London, and scored an in-

COOL SUMM'R DRINKS

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week. Her "ruby" dress created a genuine sensation and her songs were applauded to the echo.

Mrs. Thomas Lowden, who retired from the stage at the death of her husband, and who has been summering in California, will return to the stage this season, and will be seen in vaudeville, presenting a new sketch.

Howe and Edwards, who have returned to America for a short time, are booked in England in December, when they will return to play a series of dates already contracted for in that country. While here they will doubtless be seen in vaudeville.

Edgar Atchison-Ely has introduced "Reggy, the Reigning Rage," in London, where his success is very great.

"Jack" Cullen, the drum-major, has signed with Bates and Grant.

Frank Turner has successfully launched Pauline Moran and her picaninies at the London Alhambra.

Grace Leonard made a big hit at the Jefferson Roof Garden, Richmond, Va. She sang Harry Von Tilzer's latest success, "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You," with decided success.

The soldier-actor, Mortimer Kafkan, assisted by Hazel Hunt, played their dramatic sketch, "The Soldier's Revenge," at Long Branch last week and scored a hit.

Manager John C. Sundin, of the Bijou, Milwaukee, is spending a few weeks in the East, booking attractions and visiting the summer parks. He is interested in a proposed summer park which will be opened near Milwaukee next summer.

Lillian H. Emery is at present supporting her brother, Edwin T. Emery, in the vaudeville theatres, presenting a sketch called "An Unexpected Visit."

Stuart, the male Patti, has accepted the scenario of a musical comedy by William Gill and George Totten Smith, and has completed arrangements with H. D. Graham, their representative, for its production.

"Kitty" Loftus and Marie Cornille, two popular European performers, have been engaged for the New York Roof Garden. Miss Loftus will arrive within the next fortnight and Miss Cornille will sail in September.

Ching Ling Foo, the great Chinese magician, will shortly begin an extended return engagement at Keith's Union Square Theatre, where he made a phenomenal hit during the early part of the summer.

George H. Emerick has completed a new one-act play, entitled "Cupid's Middleman," for Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur, which they will shortly produce. At present they are scoring a hit in Mr. Emerick's bright sketch, "Color Blind."

"Pat" Conroy and "Tom" McCoy, since closing their season with Rusch's "White Crook" company, have been at home resting. They have been playing the past two weeks at Austin and Stone's, Boston, with the New England parks to follow.

Walter Morgan, the ten-year-old nephew of James R. and George H. Adams, won the second prize in the children's cake-walk at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. He was made up as a clown and by his clever antics made a big hit. His partner was little Elsie Pfeuder. The prizes were a card case and a gold neck-chain.

The Bradbury Sisters are summering at Cairo, N. Y., in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, where they will remain until the latter part of August. They have several offers, but will probable continue in vaudeville.

The Johnson Brothers, bicyclists, who have been making a sensational hit at Hammerstein's Venetian Terrace Roof-Garden all summer, will sail for Europe shortly to fill long engagements in the principal cities.

Charles Baguley, the eminent baritone, with the Gypsy Quartette, was almost killed the other day in Cleveland. He was waiting for an electric car when a live trolley wire broke overhead. He dodged just in time.

"Billy" and "Birdie" De Vault met with so big a success two weeks ago at Tony Pastor's that he has made the California team an offer of a return date. The De Vaults are at Proctor's Palace, presenting their unique sketch.

FIGHTERS--PAST AND PRESENT

Their records up to date in POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL, for 1899. A valuable guide to sporting events. A handy reference book. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All news-dealers or mailed direct from this office.

ALL REMITTANCES MUST BE MADE TO RICHARD K. FOX, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

HORRIBLE TREATMENT

BY A VICIOUS AND BRUTAL CUBAN HUSBAND

OF A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

Because She Would Not Do As He Demanded He Made Her a Prisoner and Burned Her With Lighted Cigars.

TORTURED HER WITH A SLOW AND DEADLY POISON.

She Was Finally Rescued by Her Brother and the Husband Arrested and Placed in Jail--How He Killed a Former Wife.

Perhaps one of the most sensational stories of the day comes by way of New Orleans from Cuba. It treats of a brutal husband and a particularly beautiful young woman who was unfortunate enough to have married him.

Previous to his marriage the man was a widower, and he bore a good reputation. About three months ago he married, and the wedding was celebrated with considerable social eclat.

The couple were the recipients of considerable attention, and it looked as if their lives had been cast in pleasant places.

At first his friends visited his home, but after awhile little by little they dropped off, and nobody ever went to the house, nor did anybody see his wife. For a time the neighbors did not notice it, but soon it was observed that the house was always closed.

This occasioned considerable gossip, and many were the conjectures as to the peculiar state of affairs.

No one, however, thought of interfering, and this state of affairs might have continued indefinitely had not the family of the girl become worried at not hearing from her.

Matters finally reached a crisis, and one of the brothers determined upon an investigation.

Accompanied by a friend of the family, he forced an entrance into the house, and was greeted by screams and a woman's voice saying:

"God, send me death; I cannot stand this any longer."

Drawing a revolver, he went into the front room, and there saw kneeling on the floor his sister. But what a sight it was! There was very little clothing on her. Her body was a mass of ugly sores and purple spots, and her beautiful black hair had been cut close to the head. Her face was covered with little black spots, and her eyes had a wild, haunted look.

As soon as she recognized her brother she sprang to her feet and flung her arms about his breast, crying and sobbing like a frightened child. He tried to soothe her, but she seemed unable to comprehend what he was saying and at every sound she clung closer to him, saying:

"Look out! He is coming! Here he comes now!"

He called to his friend, who quickly came in, and he told him to go for some of the neighbors. Then he hurriedly dressed his sister and in a short time, with the assistance of those who came in response to his call for aid, the girl was taken to the home she had so lately left a blushing bride. Little by little, between her sobs, her fainting spells and her syncope, the horrible story of her martyrdom was learned.

Five days after their marriage her husband proposed to her to go to a notorious house and become an inmate, and that with what she earned they could live better.

As she refused he began to subject her to most dastardly and inhuman acts. He would be smoking a cigar and without any notice or reason would apply the burning end to her delicate flesh, leaving a black and smoking hole, laughing the while derisively at her sufferings.

At the point of a pistol he forced her to write a confession that she had previously been a notorious woman, and soon afterward cut off her beautiful hair, leaving her every day without clothes, so that she could not go to her friends.

When she would not consent to earn an immoral living for her husband, he bought digitals, and began to administer daily doses to her, telling her that as she was of no use to him she might as well die, and soon her body became covered with sores and black spots, her heart became affected, her nervous system destroyed, and she is now a wreck. It has been positively ascertained that he drove his first wife, who was only nineteen years of age, to suicide, and it is only a question of time until his present wife dies.

Upon the recital of her sufferings a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of the brutal husband, and a short time later he was taken into custody and landed in jail, where he is now awaiting trial.

You will miss it if you fail to get the double-page supplement of Palmer and McGovern in the ring, given away with the POLICE GAZETTE on Sept. 14.

AND THE ROPE BROKE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Never place too much faith and confidence in a rope. A girl of Harrisburg, Pa., was having a fine time on a swing the other day when the ungallant rope parted and she hit the ground harder than she thought was necessary. She wouldn't have cared had her lover not witnessed her fall.

ON THE BEACH AT ROCKAWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A colony of girls at Rockaway who have been living without man have been having a high old time on the

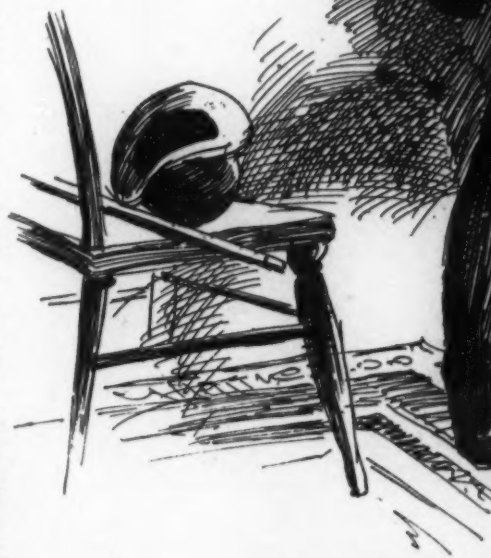
beach. Unrestricted by the presence of the sterner sex they have been cutting all sorts of capers with old Neptune. They say they don't want to see any men. They are perfectly satisfied with their Adamless Eden.

MADE A TORCH OF HERSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A society woman of Indianapolis, Ind., went into her bedroom the other morning in the absence of her

husband and children, and put on two suits of summer clothing, both of light and inflammable material. She then made a bonfire in the middle of the room out of handboxes and underwear, and stood over the pile while her clothing burned. The smoke issuing from the windows attracted the attention of the passer-by, and when they rushed into the house they heard her moans. She was dragged away from the flames and the burning clothing torn from her, but she fought



He Found His Sister in a Most Wretched Condition.

her rescuers like a tigress and threw herself time and again upon the burning pile. She was finally overpowered, but was so badly burned that she cannot recover.

It was learned later that she threw herself twice in front of a moving train in front of her home recently, but was rescued by her husband. She had been insane at intervals for nearly a week, but was not restrained of her liberty.

LUIGI FIORE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Luigi Fiore is an Italian. He is also a good boxer and an all-around athlete. He lives in New York and is distinguished for his athletic deeds.

COLORLED CELEBRITIES.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

On another page in this issue is printed the portraits of nine men who have attained fame and distinction in their different fields. They are all members of the Crescent Club, a popular organization of New York city, and many of them are champions.

"Zed" Prophet, known as the "Terrible Turk," is an all-around athlete.

George Foster claims and is ready to defend the title of champion gun spinner.

"Bernie" Tolbert can kick a bit. He can, in fact, send his feet higher in the air than any other man

BASEBALL LEAGUE RECORDS

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of his inches. As a high kicker he has gained fame and fortune.

"Kid" Starks is an expert on the roller skates. He has been a star for many years and his equal has never been found.

"Willie" Moore is the champion billiard player of the Northwest, and he stands ready to defend his title against all-comers.

William Moore is a champion buck and wing dancer. He has appeared in many well-known plays, where his finished act has been featured.

J. H. Irving hails from Washington, D. C., where he is known as the champion colored rag-time pianist. He is a clever and brilliant performer.

Henry Rolland is a lawn tennis player of no mean ability, and he has a standing challenge to meet anybody in the State of New York at the game.

Henry Rederson has gone against the game which champions favor, and has won. He is a hand-ball player and has yet to record his first defeat.

Double-page supplement of "Pedlar" Palmer and "Terry" McGovern in the ring. Out Sept. 14. Best of all.

TONY BUFANO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Tony Bufano belongs in Connelisville, Pa., and is looked upon by the sporting men of that vicinity as a pugilist who gives promise of some day being in the championship division.

BLACK GIRLS WERE CROOKS.

Three of Them Turned a Neat Trick, But Were Caught.

Three girls of Richmond, Va., under fourteen years of age, committed a burglary the other night that would have done credit to professionals. The oldest,

a very bright mulatto, planned the robbery. She had two companions to assist her. At 2 o'clock in the morning they entered a fashionable South Third street house. Two of them got in through the back way while the other stood



WEALTHY TEXAN

KILLED IN A HOTEL BY A

NEGRO WAITER

Hurried to Jail to Escape the Dead Man's Friends.

TRAGEDY IN A DINING-ROOM

Victim Assaulted the Head Waiter and It Cost Him His Life.

A queer tragedy occurred at a hotel at Manitou, Col., the other day, which was sensational in every detail.

It was nothing less than the killing of a millionaire guest, who was in the dining room with his wife.

The weapon was a heavy glass water bottle, and it was thrown by a negro waiter.

It was at the busiest hour of the day when the dining room was thronged with guests.

"Gus" McKennie, a millionaire cotton compressor of Gainesville, Texas, who has been staying at the house for some days with his wife, entered the dining room.

He looked about for vacant seats, but could find none. Then he sought out the head waiter and asked to be accommodated.

"There ain't any seats now," was the reply the man made to the woman's query.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Well, there is such a big crowd here that we can't seat everybody at once, and some will have to take their turn."

The millionaire's wife was very much disappointed and her face flushed.

The millionaire husband, standing a few feet away, noticed this, and hastily presumed that the man had not replied in a proper manner to his wife.

He quickly advanced and struck the waiter a heavy blow in the face with his cane.

The onslaught cut the man's face open and staggered him, and he reeled back without offering any resistance to the sudden and apparently uncalculated attack.

A negro waiter, who was waiting on a table near by, seemed to lose control of himself when he saw the blow struck, for he picked up a heavy glass water bottle and hurled it with desperate force at the millionaire.

It struck him fair in the temple, and he dropped to the floor, an inert and apparently lifeless mass.

In an instant the dining room was thrown in the wildest state of confusion, and many of the guests hurried out into the corridors of the hotel.

The millionaire, still unconscious, was carried to the nearest room, and the hotel physician hurriedly summoned.

For half an hour he worked over his patient, but it was no use, for in spite of all that medical skill could do the assaulted man died.

The murderer was seized and hustled into the colored quarters, where Marshal Cree arrested him and hurried him to Colorado Springs for safe keeping.

He denies all knowledge of the murder. The murdered man was thirty-five years old and was very popular among the two hundred Southerners staying at the hotel. Manitou, in fact, is crowded with representative people from all over the South. They are not negro lynchers.

The excitement was such, however, that the negro narrowly escaped terrible and swift punishment. His removal from the jail may prove necessary.

The feeling runs very high and there may be trouble yet.

HERE'S A COMPLIMENT.

RICHARD K. FOX--Dear Sir: Enclosed find money order for six months' subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. We are certainly greatly pleased with your paper and it is a great benefit to any library. Please continue from the last issue, which was 1147.

Very respectfully, HARRY BUTLER, Treas. Literary Ass'n, Troop A, 6th Cavalry.

BICYCLIST'S CLOSE CALL.

Young Wheelwoman Had a Narrow Escape From Drowning.

While learning to ride a wheel a young woman of Almonesson, N. J., came near losing her life the other night. She was taking instructions from her escort, and while on a steep down grade lost control of her wheel. At terrific speed the bicycle darted, with its fair rider screaming in fright until the embankment overlooking the lake was reached, when the wheel, rider and all, plunged into fifteen feet of water.

The girl went under, and was held down by the bicycle, so that the man who ran to her assistance as fast as he could, saw nothing of her when he arrived. He plunged into the stream, and it was some time before he could find the girl. When almost exhausted he grabbed her skirts and bore her to the surface.

Another man heard the cries of the woman before her plunge and ran to the lake, and after much difficulty rescued both. The girl was unconscious when brought ashore, and it was some time before she regained her senses.

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NEXT WEEK'S HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT---WILL CURLEY, CLEVER ENGLISH BANTAMWEIGHT



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

LILLIAN DANE.

EXTREMELY CLEVER YOUNG DANCER WHO HAS SIGNED WITH GUS HILL'S "TAMMANY TIGERS" COMPANY.



Photo by De Young, New York.

DOT WINSOR.

WINSOME AND POPULAR SOUBRETTE WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING SUMMER DATES IN THE PARKS.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

SAINT SUTTLE.

GERTIE BROWN.

ORIGINATORS OF THE LATEST CRAZE IN CAKE WALKING KNOWN AS THE "CAKE DANCE" WHICH IS RAPIDLY BECOMING POPULAR.



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

CATHERINA BARTHO.

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE DANCERS ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



AND THE ROPE BROKE.

HOW A HARRISBURG, PA., GIRL TOOK A TUMBLE WITH
AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.



MILL GIRL GOES INSANE.

GIRLS IN A PATERSON, N. J., FACTORY SAVE A COMRADE
FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION



ON THE BEACH AT ROCKAWAY.

DAINTY MERMAIDS CUT ALL SORTS OF CAPERS WITH OLD NEPTUNE ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.

CRIMINAL OF FAME

PENILESS, AGED AND BROKEN IN HEALTH

DYING IN A HOSPITAL

His Sensational Life Story Would Make a Romance, While His End is Made Pathetic by Age and Poverty.

AS A BANK ROBBER HE HAD NO EQUAL IN HIS DAY.

He Made a Specialty of Looting Large Financial Institutions and He Spent Lavishly a Fortune Made Up of Ill-gotten Gains.

A man is dying in a hospital in Philadelphia—a man who for more than half a century has figured in the annals of crime of the country; a man whose skill and daring knew no bounds. In the zenith of his career he counted his money by thousands and rode in his own coach like a gentleman.

Now, old, bent and crippled, he has gone back to his native city to die. His money has gone with his health and only the kindness of a prominent city official saved him from ending his days in an almshouse.

This man's life story is a wild romance of crime, and one who sees the broken old man of to-day will hardly believe the things the police records tell about him. His personal character has been as odd as his career. Down in his breast he had the instincts of a pious man, who never forgot the lessons he had learned at the knee of a Christian mother. True, he did not heed them, but the maternal teachings lived in his memory. To-day he speaks reverently of his mother as a God-fearing woman, and to-day this crime-stained veteran never closes his eyes in sleep without a fervent prayer to the Almighty. It has been his life's custom, and detectives used to say of him that he would never set about to break a safe without first asking Providence to guide him in his work.

Of his sixty-two years thirty-four have been spent behind prison bars in various parts of the country. His criminal career must have begun early, for at the age of ten he was sent as an incorrigible to the House of Refuge.

Coming out at eighteen, hardened, determined, desperate, he was just the man to make one of the coterie of big criminals that numbered such promising young men as "Big Frank," "Jimmy" Hope, "Red" Leary and a score of others equally well known. His rise on the blotter of police notoriety was rapid, and each successive crime bore the mark of increasing daring.

Jobs of greater or less magnitude are credited to him by the score. Foremost among the daring deeds laid to his door was the robbery of the Catholic Beneficial Saving Fund at Twelfth and Chestnut streets in Philadelphia. His brain is said to have planned and directed the entire assault on the bank, which netted the gang \$1,250,000 in cash and securities. Incredible as it may seem, no arrests were ever made in this affair, which was always clouded in doubt and mystery. The robbery finally dropped from public view with the announcement that the managers of the fund had made a deal with the ruckmen by which they had been compelled to pay \$300,000 for the return of the securities.

One of the cleverest attempts at bank robbery charged against him is the attack made on the Southwark Bank, at Second street, below South, Philadelphia. He hired a vacant house next door, and actually kept a private account in this bank. The day before the date set for plundering the institution he drew his account. The burglars were discovered in the act, and the police had an exciting but vain chase for them over roofs and through alleys. They escaped in leisurely fashion. He is also credited with a hand in the Kensington Bank robbery, where the thieves gained admittance to the bank disguised as policemen.

Another interesting episode in his career was his unsuccessful attempt to plunder the National Security Bank at Seventh street and Girard avenue. The attempt was fortunately frustrated by the accidental discovery by a policeman.

Among the other notable crimes in which he is said to have had a hand was the robbery of the Receiver of Taxes' office of \$25,000, the robbery of Cooper & Conrad's big dry goods store and the robbery of Naval Constructor Isalah Hanscom's residence in Washington, in which latter crime \$75,000 in bonds and securities was stolen.

Much of the romance of his life lies about his marriage to his third wife, with whose murder he was once charged. He had previously been married twice. The third wedding was one of the most romantic in local history.

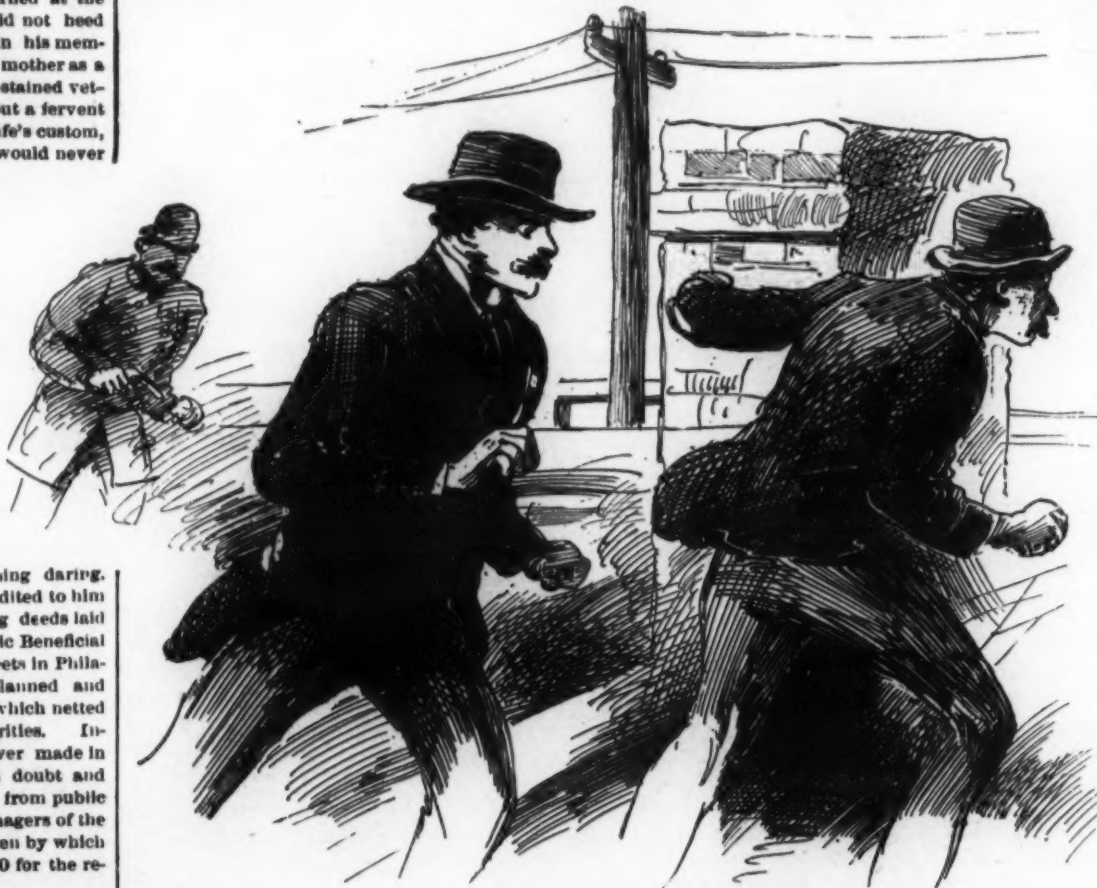
He had just been sentenced to seven years' hard labor for one of his many misdeeds when he asked permission to be wedded before he went to jail. His sister-in-law was in court, and the law soon made her and the convict man and wife. She was a faithful wife and waited patiently until her new husband stepped from the doors of Cherry Hill in 1878.

For some time after his release he and his wife lived in handsome style and he lavished money on her with a prodigal hand.

On one occasion he gave her \$7,000 in bonds bearing 4½ per cent. interest. Soon after this both he and his wife disappeared. He subsequently turned up in the West and was mixed up in various crimes, for some of which he served terms of imprisonment. The exact

date of the disappearance of the woman has since been fixed as Washington's Birthday, 1879. Fourteen years later, on Oct. 16, 1893, some bones and jewelry found under the floor of the house where they had lived led the police to believe that she had been murdered.

He was naturally suspected, and circulars were sent to the police authorities all over the United States calling for his arrest on a charge of murder. But he was not to be found. In the meantime the identification of the bones had been made positive, but as time wore on their strange discovery dropped out of the public mind. Interest suddenly revived on the fifth of March, 1895, when he voluntarily went back to Philadelphia and called on the coroner. He told the cor-



The Police Chased Them Over Roofs But They Got Away.

ner a strangely dramatic story. In his own language it is:

"I never heard of this discovery until a friend came to me in Detroit, where I was working, and said the police in Philadelphia wanted me for the murder of my wife, and that her skeleton had been found under the floor of our old home. I didn't believe him, for he was untrustworthy, and kept on working on farms around Detroit. In a few weeks I met another friend in whom I had more confidence. He told me the same story about my being wanted for my wife's murder."

He said that he had waited until he could get enough money together to buy a decent suit of clothes before going to Philadelphia. Then he told the coroner all he knew about his wife's disappearance. He said he had come back from New York, where he had been in a job, to find that his wife had gone. He inquired for her from his stepson, who lived with them, but could get no trace of her. He suspected that she had left with one of his pals, and he started West to hunt them. He said at the time his wife disappeared he was worth \$50,000. He had spent every cent of it traveling over the United States trying to find her. His ill luck had seemed to date from the day of her disappearance.

The coroner was impressed with his story and, contrary to the belief of the police, he put no faith in the theory that he was guilty of wife murder. It took months of hard work and travel all over the country to verify everything that the old criminal had said. At the end of the investigation it was found that his story was not only true, but could be substantiated in every particular. Moreover, the investigation cleared up the

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mystery of the murder and fastened the crime upon the stepson.

He was arrested, made a partial confession and was subsequently convicted of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to death, but the sentence was afterward commuted to life imprisonment, and he is now an inmate of a cell in the Eastern Penitentiary. The bank robber got quite a sum of money for witness fees during the months he had spent in jail prior to the murder trial.

He disappeared from the city and was not heard of again until he reappeared a few days ago, so bent, broken and crippled that even the detectives hardly recognized him. It was plain that his race was run. At the age of sixty-two he is an old weather beaten craft, and in a few more short months his life will have ebbed away and the story of another famous criminal will be closed.

THE "ONLY" SPORTING PAPER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1899.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed find 25 cents, for which please forward me book entitled "Bartender's Guide." I saw it advertised in the POLICE GAZETTE, the only sporting paper published. Yours truly, JAMES A. TOBIN.

"KID" SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Kid" Smith is one of the best known of the younger generation of pugilists. He hails from Toronto, Ont., and has done a lot of good fighting in that vicinity and in the West.

MISS JEAN GORDON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Among the famous swordswomen and equestrians in the world no one is more entitled to distinction than Miss Jean Gordon, a Scottish lady of Junoesque proportions, great beauty and exceptionally graceful manners. Her specialty is fencing with broadswords, both mounted and afoot, and in fierce and sturdy combats has won many trophies and prizes. She is conceded to be the champion lady broadsword fencer of the world and has repeatedly challenged Jaguarina with-

ANGRY WOMEN

URGED ON BY THEIR PASSIONS

COMMIT CRIME

A Forlorn Wife of Canton, O., Drowns Her Sorrow in Blood.

CHICAGO WOMAN'S DESPAIR

Red Pepper a Weapon in the Hands of an Abandoned Helpmeet.

There was a terrible triple tragedy near Canton, O., the other night which resulted in the death of Edward Eckinger, his wife and their three-year-old daughter. Neighbors discovered the dead bodies of the three lying upon the bed in the Eckinger home.

Mrs. Eckinger evidently first shot her husband and daughter with a shot gun and then tried to commit suicide by gashing the veins in her wrist with a knife. The latter apparently proved too slow or else too painful, for the woman put a third charge in the gun and sent it through her heart.

Eckinger was twenty-five years of age. Lately he has been drinking quite heavily and frequent quarrels took place between him and his wife. The couple had agreed to separate. Mrs. Eckinger was twenty-three years old.

A letter left by Mrs. Eckinger, addressed to her parents and sisters, says:

"MY DEAR MAMMA, PAPA AND SISTER: I can hardly write what I want to say, for I know how hard it will be for you to bear this trouble with all the rest we have already made for you, but God forgive me. I cannot help it. I am nearly crazy.

"Oh, dear mamma, if you only knew what trouble I have already had! It nearly kills me to think that he does not love me and wants to leave my sweet little darling and I.

"He choked me once and he will never do it again. I cannot live without him, so I will take him and my dear little angel baby with me. But, mamma and papa, remember I love Ed with all my heart; that is why I am taking him along, so I only have one wish, and that is that we will all three be buried side by side. Remember it is my last, last request. He has wronged you, I know, but forgive him for my sake.

"Good-bye; good-bye, and God bless you all, and forgive me. Papa, for God's sake, be good to poor mamma."

Four Bullets for Her Husband.

As her husband lay writhing at her feet after she had fired four bullets in his body, a Chicago woman exclaimed:

"I wish I had another shot to use on him, and I hope he will die."

Then, woman-like, she started on a hurried run to the hospital, whither the wounded man had been taken, in the vain hope of preserving the existence she had so strenuously endeavored to terminate. She arrived too late. Her prayer had been answered.

She had not proceeded far on her journey to her husband's bedside before panting policemen, their pockets stuffed with crumpling papers, overtook and placed her under arrest.

"Of what am I charged?" she asked with a sob in her voice.

"Of murdering your husband," the officials replied. Then the storm of her grief broke, but it was too late.

The murdered man was an engineer at the Twenty-second Street Pumping Station. He was 26 years old. He had been married four years.

The woman told the police she had pawned a skirt during the day in order to secure money with which to buy the revolver used in ending her husband's life.

He and his wife were engaged in conversation in front of their home, when suddenly the woman drew a revolver from the folds of her skirt and, leveling the weapon at her husband's head, fired. He staggered toward her, but fell limply to the sidewalk before he had advanced half a dozen steps.

She backed away, and as her husband sank down she again opened fire. Her aim was true. One bullet tore away part of the victim's chin, and while the fainting form of her husband quivered at her feet his slayer bent over and sent two more bullets into his left jaw.

Red Pepper This Woman's Weapon.

Because her husband left her a woman of Boston, Mass., threw red pepper in his eyes when she met him in front of his place of business. Now she is in the Tombs.

She went to Spring Lane late in the afternoon, and seeing her husband standing outside one of the boot blacking establishments she approached him, as though she was desirous of speaking with him.

"You are my husband," the woman exclaimed, and the next instant a cloud of red pepper, which the woman had thrown from a paper, struck him full in the face.

The man was blinded by the pepper, and his cries brought an officer of the Court Square station, who placed the woman under arrest.

She claimed that she had been married to him some time ago, and that recently he had left her. She acknowledged the assault, and said she was only sorry that she had not done him serious injury, because of his alleged treatment of her. Later, before taken to the Tombs, she broke down and cried a good deal.

A FATAL SIN

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

"KID" MCCOY KNOCKED OUT

IN A SHORT BUT EVENTFUL BATTLE

BY "JACK" MCCORMICK

Greatest Surprise of the Year in Pugilism Resulting From Over Confidence On the Part of the Hoosier Champion.

LOSER CLAIMS THAT IT WAS A CHANCE BLOW.

McCormick Wears His Honors Modestly---Corbett, Sullivan, Sharkey and Tommy Ryan Express Their Opinions---Description of the Battle.

An event of more than usual importance in the pugilistic world was the sensational defeat of "Kid" McCoy, a qualified factor in world's championship affairs, by "Jack" McCormick, of Philadelphia, a comparative novice. The bout only lasted 2 minutes and 47 seconds, and the blow, accidental, chance or whatever it may be called, was a right-hander, which landed full against the Hoosier champion's jaw and knocked him completely out. The bout, which was to have been one of six rounds, took place in Chicago on Aug. 18. McCormick was looked upon as little more than a punching bag. His services were secured mainly to afford the patrons of the game in the Windy City an opportunity to observe McCoy's wonderful boxing skill. The Philadelphian himself believed he stood but little show of even making a draw, and said before entering the ring that he was going to do his best and let it go at that. The fight was so short and so quickly over that there was almost nothing to it but the punch that put McCoy to sleep. The fight was under strict Queensberry rules, hitting with one arm free permitted.

When the gong sounded McCormick started in to rush things, relying on his greater weight and superior strength to offset McCoy's science. He received a straight left in the mouth the first time he tried, and a second later a savage left hook on the side of the head halted him a second time. He then rushed twice more, carrying McCoy to the ropes both times.

The first time he hit McCoy over the kidneys with his right. The second time, as they came from the ropes still clinched, McCoy freed his left and sent a hook to McCormick's cheek, dropping him to the floor. McCormick lay quiet, making a pretense of claiming a foul, although none had been committed. McCormick rose on the order of Referee Hogan with a sheepish grin on his face. The knock-down had not injured him in the slightest. The men squared off once more, and then came the end like lightning from a clear sky. McCoy was moving cautiously around McCormick, both hands low down, neither being as high as the belt. McCormick suddenly let fly his right and it landed full on the jaw. McCoy went down like a dead man, flat on his back, legs and arms outstretched, his face pointing squarely to the ceiling. It was evident the instant he struck the floor that his fighting was over for the night, at least.

Pandemonium broke loose in the hall, and there were wild yells for McCormick and shrieks of "Get up, Kid, get up." Referee Hogan went down on one knee by the side of McCoy and shouted his call of the seconds in the fighter's ear, but McCoy was past all hearing. At the word "ten" he raised his head slightly and Hogan paused an instant before he shouted "out." But McCoy was still out of it. Thirty seconds would not have brought him into condition to fight again.

The result occasioned much discussion and it was generally conceded that McCoy lost the fight through an excess of confidence. His easy knockdown of McCormick in the opening of the fight had given him the idea that he would have it all his own way to the finish, and he was not as careful as he might have been. He made no effort at any time to block the leads of McCormick properly, simply making motions as though to push them aside. It worked a number of times, but finally it did not, and he lost the fight. McCoy was helped to his feet by his seconds and walked slowly to his corner. He was rapidly getting strength again, and by the time he reached his chair he was ready to fight again. He took his defeat very much to heart, and not until the following day did he feel composed enough to offer an explanation of what happened. Then in conversation with a POLICE GAZETTE representative he said:

"I have no recollection of what happened after I knocked him down. I remember his getting up again and making some kind of a complaint to Referee Hogan. The next thing I knew I was in the bathhouse, an application of cold water to my head evidently having the effect of bringing me to my senses. Yet they tell me I talked of the fight in my dressing room, and practically dressed without assistance. But I have no recollection of it.

"Some good judges said that I left the same kind of an opening for McCormick's right twice before, but that each time he failed to take advantage of it. I do not remember that such was the case. They must be mistaken, for that is my style of sparring. I feint with my head as much as with my hands in drawing out a lead from my opponent.

"I will say this for McCormick. He is wonderfully quick for a man of his stocky build and fast with his hands as any of them. He surprised me a bit right at the start by hitting me in the face, but even that did not make my confidence of defeating him any the less. I intended to beat him at my leisure, and was badly fooled.

"As long as it was on the books to happen to me I am glad I got it in such a hurry, for a majority of good judges will be satisfied it was more of a fluke than anything else."

"Tommy" Ryan said: "I was not looking for it just

that way, I'll admit. I don't know what I was looking for exactly, but it proved one thing to me, and that is that McCoy has lost his sight--his fighting sight. He can't see but one hand at a time. When McCormick feinted with the left he drew back and threw out his right a little to stop the blow that he thought was coming. He never saw the right at all. He thought the left feint was all there was to it. He simply can't see two hands on an opponent."

Of course, such pastmasters in the art of boxing as John L. Sullivan and "Jim" Corbett were invited to

because he said I punched him too hard. He afterwards thought he could fight me and a six-round bout in Philadelphia was arranged. I went over there and knocked him stiff in less than two rounds. If McCoy had been the least bit careful McCormick would never have been able to land a punch on him. He probably thought he had such an easy thing that he could leave an opening or two and get away with it and he didn't. I wouldn't like any better contract than to fight McCormick six nights a week and a couple of matinees thrown in."

McCormick has been particularly modest in his comments on the fight. He left Chicago immediately after the battle and went to Buffalo, where he was interviewed as follows:

"Tommy Ryan was back of me and he told me more about how to fight McCoy than I would have learned otherwise in a month. McCoy never touched his glove to me while we were at it, and I saw the opening I finally took advantage of twice before. I tried it, as I feared the low guard was a trick to draw me into trouble. The third time I thought I'd take a chance anyway. I tried his own game. I feinted with my left and he thought I was going to use it. He came over with his left, and I got under with my right and settled him. The blow was a jolt, and my arm didn't move a foot in delivering it, but I had my weight with it. To show you how hard I thought it, I took the next train out of Chicago, and that is why I am here in Buffalo. While McCoy came to in a way, in a few minutes, his head wasn't right for a long time after that. He was pretty badly jarred. When I went over to say good-bye to him some time afterward, I do not believe he knew who was talking to him. His strength--and he is a pretty strong boy, let me tell you--had come back to him, but he was dazed."

WHO "JACK" MCCORMICK IS.

Ring Record of the Man Who Knocked Out "Kid" McCoy.

Over in Philadelphia where "Jack" McCormick belongs the sporting gentry are as much surprised as

**"JIM" FRANEY OF CINCINNATI.**

Victim of the Latest Prize Ring Fatality. He Fought Frank McConnell in San Francisco.

express their opinion of how the thing happened, and they spoke as follows:

"I am not at all surprised to hear of McCoy's defeat. McCormick, although better known as a wrestler than a fighter, is a very powerful man, as far as I can remember, and if the opportunity presented itself he could put two men like McCoy to sleep without any difficulty.

"The result of last night's fight indicates beyond a doubt in my opinion that the Kid's physical make-up will never permit him to figure prominently in the heavyweight class. The only heavyweight he ever met of any note was Sharkey, and then he came to grief. He has never met Fitzsimmons, Jeffries or myself, and his reputation is built on the very insecure foundation of victories over second-rate men.

"I don't think McCormick could hit McCoy again under similar circumstances in thirty years. Of course the Philadelphian is a big, strong chap, and could punch a hole through a deal board. I guess the Kid realizes that now and wishes he had not been so confident. Many a good man has suffered temporary defeat and humiliation on account of being too confident. A jolt under the jaw from a strong man, however unscientific, will do the business every day in the week."

Sharkey had to laugh when he read about McCoy's defeat. "Why, that fellow McCormick can't fight a lick on earth. I had him for a sparring partner when I was training to fight Corbett and he threw up his job

they are anywhere else over the sensational outcome of his bout with "Kid" McCoy. One or two of the most competent athletic authorities profess to believe that McCormick's victory proves that he is "a comer," and that he is in line for inevitable advancement in the heavyweight class. One of those in commenting the other day on the subject said:

There is no good reason why McCormick should not be able to make a good showing with any heavyweight in the ring. He is a big fellow, with a good reach, and weighs in condition about 180 pounds. McCormick has had several years' experience as a boxer. He has been the recognized amateur heavyweight champion of Pennsylvania. He was also the recognized amateur heavyweight champion wrestler of this State.

He began by fighting fourth-raters at the Arena, Philadelphia, meeting with success right along, but was knocked out by "Tom" Sharkey in two rounds. He had also previously been stopped by "Gus" Ruhlin in New York.

At the Nonpareil Club, Philadelphia, he met and defeated "Joe" Goddard, the "Barrier Champion." At the Quaker City Athletic Association last spring McCormick achieved his greatest string of victories. He started out to establish his claim to the heavyweight championship of Pennsylvania, challenging all comers and standing ready to meet any man who could be gotten to box him. He knocked out "Ben" Coleman and "Ed" Gross and defeated "Kid" Conaghy, "Charley" Strong and "Jack" Bonner.

The season for boxing being about over, McCormick started West, locating in Chicago. He has since met "Ed" Dunkhorst, boxed a hard six-round contest with "Joe" Chynski and knocked out "Kid" McCoy.

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Doff to the "Police Gazette."

WILL CUT HAIR ON A WAGER.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 9, 1899.
EDITOR--Sir: I, the undersigned, challenge Giovanni Guerrero, of 158 Bedford avenue, to a hair cutting contest for any amount of money. I can be seen at any time by the above gentleman at my place of business. Yours truly,
B. RUDELL,
112 Bedford Avenue.

NOW, YOU CHAMPION BARBERS!

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE--I hereby challenge any barber in New York to cut hair and shave. I am willing to wager \$100 on the result. Any communications addressed to Croce Montaperti, 1559 Lexington Ave., New York, will be promptly attended to.

YOUNG SIMONS IS LOOKING FOR FIGHT.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 17.
DEAR SIR: "Young" Simons, champion amateur lightweight boxer of New England, has just arrived here from Boston, and would like to meet any man at 135 pounds, amateur or professional. "Young" Simons has a very good and clear record. He can be reached at 638 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. Yours truly,
CHAR. STUUMM, Manager.

DAILY WILL FIGHT TOOTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 10, 1899.
DEAR SIR--I do hereby challenge "Mike" Toots at from 122 to 126 pounds, or any other man in the business. I have been unable to get on with any of the men in the South at my weight and am tired of being idle. Would like very much to meet any of them at the above weight before any club. Hoping you will publish this challenge I am,
Yours truly,
"EDDIE" DAILY, of Buffalo.

"JACK" HANLON WANTS TO FIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 31, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR--Please state in your valuable columns that I, "Jack" Hanlon, would like to meet any 140-pound man in the business, and would be pleased to hear from any of the New York clubs at an early date. Thanking you in advance for the announcement, I beg to remain,
Very truly yours, "JACK" HANLON,
1912 Tasker Street.

CHAMPION CAKE-WALKERS.

AUGUST 12, 1899.
RICHARD K. FOX--Dear Sir: In your paper, the POLICE GAZETTE, on August 6 I noticed the names of Simons and Stewart quoted as rag-time artists and claiming the championship in the cake-walking art in the West. I wish to say I hold the above honors and have met all comers excepting the above team, which I would be glad to meet for any amount and at any place.
Yours respectfully,
ATCHISON AND ADLER,
384 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GOOD CHANCE FOR WESTERN BOXERS.

DEAR SIR--Wishing to pull off a glove contest in Wichita during the street fair and carnival week, Oct. 16 to 21, I would like to get some good men to take part.

Any one wishing an opportunity to make some money will please write to me, as everything will go that week. None but good men wanted.

Respectfully, THOMAS MURPHY,
Manager Wichita Athletic Club,
201 North Main St., Wichita, Kan.

"HOPPY" WILL FIGHT YOUNG LANGE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17, '99.
DEAR SIR: I saw in your paper this week where "Johnny" Lange claims the 116-pound championship of the Eighteenth ward. I have a lad by the name of Harry Verm-dil, better known as "Hoppy," and will back him for any amount of money against Mr. Lange or anybody at that weight from the Eighteenth ward. I can be found any time at 276 Third Avenue, Metropolitan Tonsorial parlor.

JAMES PANARELLO,
Manager of "Hoppy."

"SAM" HARRIS.

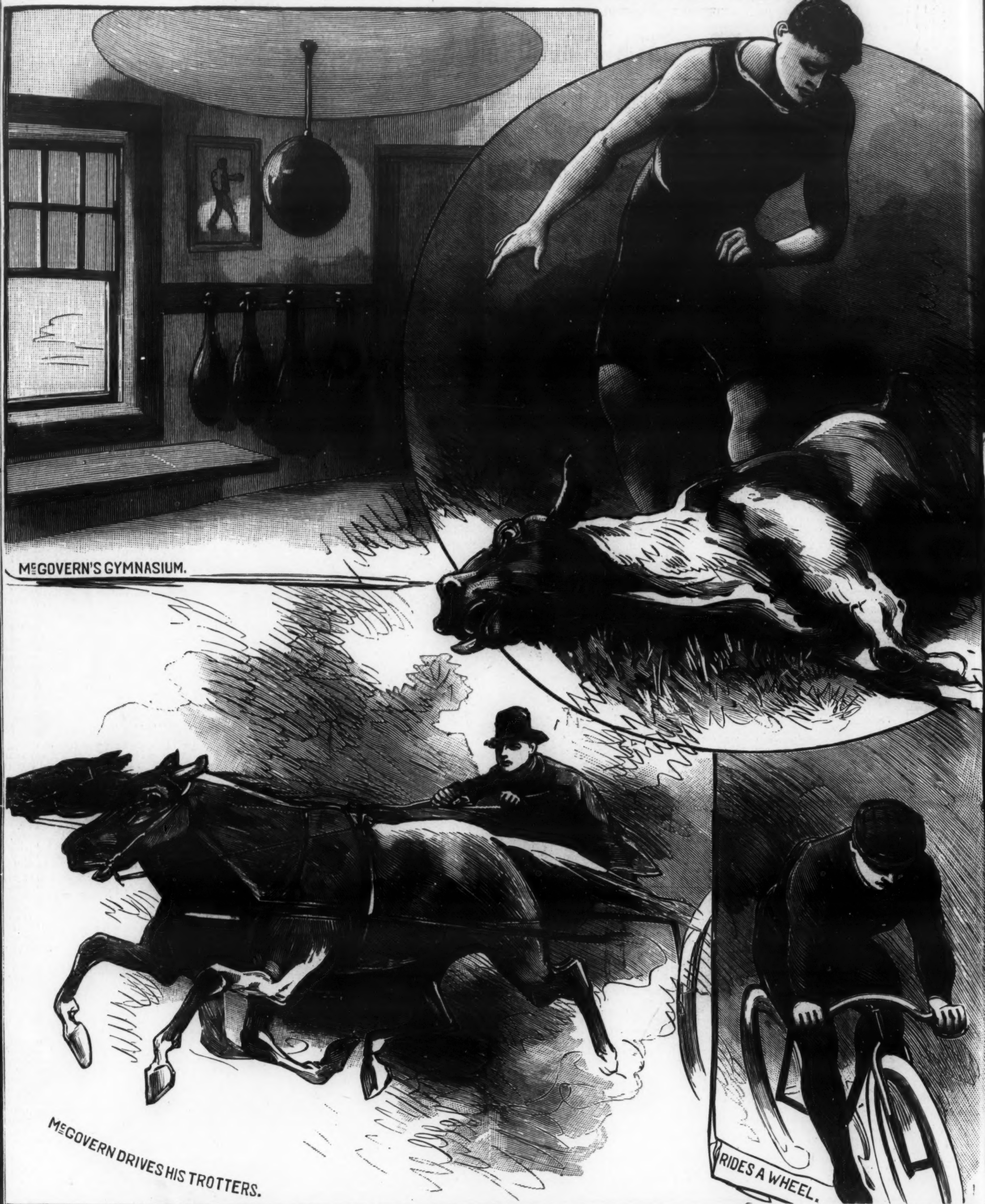
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Sam" Harris is a comparatively newcomer in the athletic world, but his career, brief though it be, has been one of conspicuous success. His success with "Terry" McGovern has been phenomenal, and veteran pugilistic managers are wondering at the sagacity and shrewdness which has characterized his managerial endeavors. When he first assumed the direction of McGovern's affairs, the latter was an obscure participant in preliminary bouts, winning a fair share of victories, but doing nothing to suggest the possibility of his being a world's champion. Harris decided at once to force him into the champion class, and by utilizing bold and effective measures soon had him "carded" as an attraction in the leading clubs. Harris proved to be a careful matchmaker, and from the outset of his career has been successful in leading his protegee along to a conspicuous place among the foremost pugilists of the day. It was his supreme confidence in McGovern's ability which made the match with "Pedlar" Palmer a possibility. He signed the articles for the match, and has no thought other than that "Terry" will win.

A CHIC STORY

"PAULINE'S CAPRICE." New ready. One of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Elegantly illustrated. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

MCGOVERN THROWS HIS WRESTLING CALF.

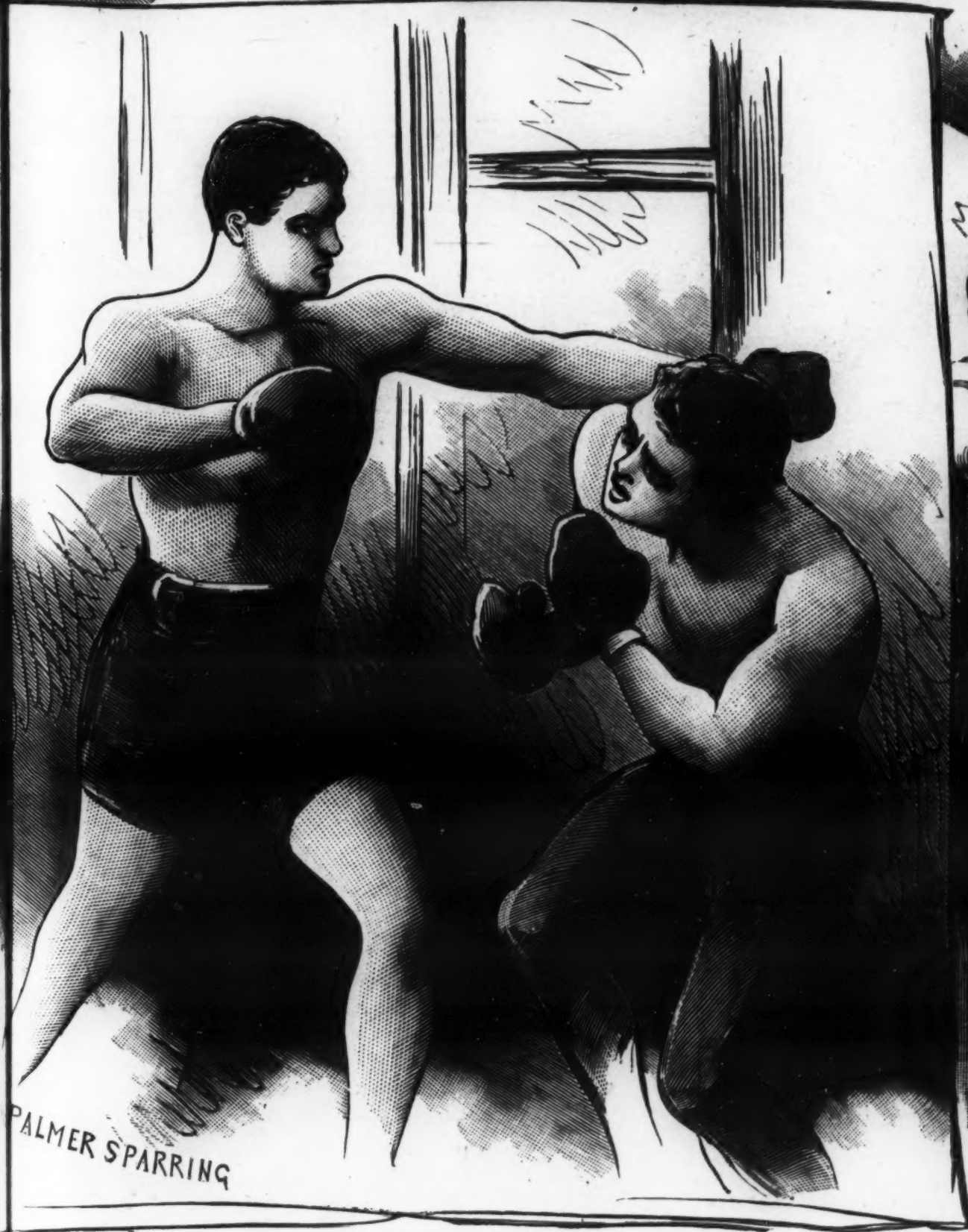


MCGOVERN'S GYMNASIUM.

RIDES A WHEEL.

TERRY MCGOVERN AND PEDLAR PALMER
CHAMPION 116-POUND PUGILISTS OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN AT T

DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT OF PALMER AND MCGOVERN IN THE RI



ER TRAINING FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.
AT THEIR TRAINING QUARTERS PREPARING FOR THEIR GREAT BATTLE.
THE RING GIVEN WITH THE POLICE GAZETTE ON SEPTEMBER 14.

INQUIRY DEPARTMENT IS OPEN

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

J. M., Glens Falls, N. Y.—High and low win.
 R. H. M., Washington, D. C.—Irish. Born in Ireland.
 F. H. B., Lenoir, Ill.—On the last play B gets no run.
 Reader, Kansas City, Mo.—It is a catch bet and A loses.
 D. V. L., Glens Falls, N. Y.—See answer to J. M., Glens Falls.
 W. J. M., Chester, Pa.—See answer to J. L. C., Chester, Pa.
 C. H. M., Zanesville, O.—Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.
 T. P., Mincola, N. Y.—Send 25 cents for "Life of Corbett," containing full account of the fight.
 F. W. B., Herkimer, N. Y.—Which has the best chance to fill, a flush or a straight? Flush is best.
 T. W. F., Aurora, Ill.—What is the value of four fours and a seven in a crib hand? Twenty-four.
 G. W., New York.—What are the initials of Mr. Daly, the man they call "Father Bill"? W. C. Daly.
 R. L. T., Fort Valley, Ga.—Sorry, but our coops are full now. The "Dewey" strain ought to be a corker.
 C. M., Utica, N. Y.—How many points in cribbage are three sevens, one eight and one six? Twenty-one.
 ———, Wheeling.—What is high in cutting cards for money with no agreement made? King. Ace is low.
 A. & B., Paterson, N. J.—Depends upon circumstances. The representatives of each department must make concessions.
 W. H. C., Syracuse, N. Y.—A bet B that he does not lose three tricks if he makes a revoke in whist? He loses three tricks.
 Reader, De Lamar, Nev.—A bet B that a flush beats four aces. Who wins? An ordinary flush does not. A straight flush does.
 F. B., New York.—Prof. Duesen, Prof. De Forest and "Tommy" West. O'Donnell's address is care of "Billy" Lee, Yonkers, N. Y.
 ———, Bridgeport, Conn.—C bet A in a game of set-back, high game goes out first; A bets that low-jack goes out first. Who wins? A.
 D. D., Washington, D. C.—You have dower rights in the property, and can legally demand a settlement. Apply to the Surrogate of the county.
 E. B., New York.—Must a person make a trick or not after he melds out in a two-handed game of pinochle? He need not take another trick.
 B. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.—In cribbage, A leads a deuce; B plays a four; A plays an ace, and B plays a tray; Is B entitled to a run of four? Yes.
 D. F., New York.—How many times did Frank Erne and Dixon meet? How many times did Erne get the decision? Three times. 3. Once.
 J. B., Chicago.—In a game of pitch, eleven points, A is ten, B is eight; B bids three and makes high, low and game; A makes jack. Who is out? A wins.
 J. B. J., West Bend, Ia.—Two players want two points each; one makes high and game, the other makes low and jack. Which player wins? Low, jack wins.
 Reader, Detroit.—A and B play a game of sixty-six; both players claim sixty-five after all cards are drawn. That hand is a draw and no count is made for it.
 W. S., Catawba Island, O.—If cards are run three times and the same trump turned, shall the odd card be turned according to rules? Odd card must be turned.
 Reader, Indianapolis, Ind.—Did Sullivan and Corbett box before they fought? Did they box at Sullivan's benefit in New York? 1. Yes, in San Francisco. 2. Yes.
 C. B., Joliet, Ill.—In a four-handed game of seven-up A has two to go and B two to go; at end of game A makes high, game; B makes low, jack. Who wins? B wins.
 H. L. LeT., O. Portrio Diaz, Mexico.—A and B play seven-up, eleven points; A is ten, B is eight; A gives one; B gives three, makes low, jack, game, but A has high. Who wins? A wins.
 E. W., Shelburne Falls, Mass.—A and B are playing pitch, bid to the board; B is dealing; B is nine, A is seven; A bids B three; A makes high, low, game; B makes jack. Who wins? B wins.
 T. F. M., Yonkers.—In a game of pinochle A has the lead and has two aces of trump; plays one ace and is going to play the other when B calls out. Is B right? B cannot call out while A is at play.
 J. C., Memphis, Tenn.—This is a trick. If you take a 3, and the other fellow takes a 4, and you keep on taking 3s and he takes 4s, you cannot get 31. 3. Somewhere in Memphis. Save express charges.
 E. W., Cleveland, O.—A and B are playing a game of eleven-point cribbage; A is nine points in the game, and B has ten points; A gets the bid at three, and gets high, jack and game; B has low. Which wins? B wins.
 A. W., Ashton, R. I.—Auction pitch, bid to the board; both sides want one point each to put them out; bidder gives three and the buyer takes his bid; bidder gets high, jack, game; buyer gets low; which goes out? Bidder wins.
 A. T. B., Chicago, Ill.—A two-handed game of pitch, eleven points; each has one point to go; the first bidder bids two; the other passes; the bidder makes low-game, but the other has high. Who wins the game? High wins.
 J. L. C., Chester, Pa.—A game of forty-five; A says a man who has the ace of trumps must declare himself before any cards are played; B says he does not have to declare until after he plays his first card? Must decide after he plays his first card.
 G. B. and A. B., New York.—In a game of pinochle, first man was 35 in the last hand; second man was 25 at the close of the last hand; first man claims out; gamekeeper counts up, and both were 1,005 points. Which man wins? Must play to 1,200.
 J. L. B., Indianapolis, Ind.—In a game of klabbaras a player melds a 20, but before playing out a card he discovered he had a 50 instead of a 20 and he melds it; the rest of the players did not allow him to meld 50, only a 20. Which goes, 50 or 20? Fifty.
 F. J. MeA., Cleveland, O.—Cribbage; B pegs one hole for a go; A plays a seven spot; B a seven spot; A plays a six spot; B a five spot; how many holes should B peg? Seven, counting one for the first go, two for the pair, three for the run and one for the last go.
 O. A., South River, N. J.—In playing cribbage A plays a 4 spot; B pairs 4 making 8; A plays 7 making 15-2; B plays 3 making 18; A plays 6 making 24; B cannot play; A plays 5 making 29 and claims a run of 5, which B disputes; who is right? A is right.
 G. E. F., Ellensburg, Wash.—A, B, C and D are playing a four-handed game of cribbage, partners; A is dealing; B leads ten spot; C plays four spot; D plays five spot, and A plays six spot, making

a run of three, making it twenty-five; it is a go for B and C; D plays another five spot and says he has another run of three. Is he right? No.

H. G., Schulerburg, Tex.—A bet B that no bookmaker ever laid the odds of 200 to 1 against any horse in the United States? Which is the largest odds ever laid against a horse in a race? 1. The editor saw it laid today. 2. Peytonia won in Chicago in '94 at 300 to 1. B wins.

A. & B., New York.—An argument arose over a game of euchre; A, one of the players, was willing to bet B \$50 that he could be euchred with right, left and ace of trumps. Can it be done? That is impossible, as these are the highest three trumps and good for three tricks sure.

E. J. T., Memphis, Tenn.—In a game of pitch I am ten and my opponent is also ten; I deal; it is his first bid; he bids two and I

asks for three cards; when they were being dealt him one queen turns face up on table; B contends that he isn't compelled to take the card and I wager him \$5 that under present rules he is compelled to take the card? He cannot take the card and you lose.

E. M. F., Mincola, Mont.—A, B, C and D, playing seven-up; ace trump; A leads a small heart; B plays 8 spot of trumps; C, who holds two high hearts, and wishes to keep them, plays off the six of trumps, as he cannot beat the eight. The question is, must C follow suit, which was hearts, or can a person throw off, as he did, when he could not beat the eight, or is it follow suit or trump in seven-up at all times? Follow suit or trump is the rule.

C. M. H., Sumpter, Ore.—Inform me what a block cannon is in English billiards. In game Roberts vs. Ives and Roberts vs. Dawson it is mentioned. The explanation given is that the red ball and opponent's ball are blocked in a corner pocket. Is this possible? Yes, it is sometimes called "a jaw." By means of it and careful anchor play Ives was able to run 1,840 points and won his match from Roberts, the famous English champion. See John Thatcher's book, "Billiards, Old and New," for diagram.

Twenty-Year Reader, Grand Rapids, Mich.—How old was "Charley" Mitchell when he boxed Sullivan first in New York? What is his age now? When did he defeat Mac? 1. Twenty-two years old. 2. Coming thirty-eight. 3. Feb. 7, 1896. For a twenty-year reader of the Police Gazette you ought to know that the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" is the best thing we publish. It contains fighters' records and a fund of general sporting information, records, etc., invaluable to sporting men, and the price is only ten cents. A hundred thousand of them have been sold.

J. H., Evansville, Ind.—Four men are playing draw poker; A opens the pot for fourteen; B and C stay, D raises twenty, and A, who opened, stays; B and C drop out; they draw cards, D two and A stands pat; it's a show-down, as A is all in; when the hands are examined it is found A made a mistake, thinking he had an eight to three, but did not; D shows three aces and claims the money; B and C ask for the amount opened, fourteen checks, as they claim a mistake on A's part in opening. Are B and C entitled to their fourteen checks out, as they did not draw cards when D raised the twenty? No.

PUGILISTIC GOSSIP.

At Sioux City, Ia., on Aug. 17, "Tommy" White, of Chicago, received the decision over "Billy" O'Donnell, the Memphis boxer. The bout went the twenty rounds and White received the decision on points. They boxed for a purse of \$1,000.

"Kid" McFarland, the New York lightweight, has posted a forfeit to box Frank Erne for the championship. McFarland desires to meet Erne at the same weight he fought



"CHRIS." MILLAR, BOXING PROMOTER OF CHICAGO.

Former Amateur Featherweight Champion of England and a Well-Known Western Sport.

raise the bid to three; the cards are played; I make low, jack and the game; he plays the high card; I make my three that I bid. Who wins? You lose.

W. T. H., Paterson, N. J.—In a game of poker a call for a change of cards is made, and by mistake a pinochle deck is put on the table, and when the first hand is called the mistake is discovered. Would a man lose his money under these conditions? No, the deck is foul and all money is off.

E. H. W., Thompsonville, Mich.—A and B, playing pitch, ten points are 9 each; A bids 3; B bids 3 and gets the trump, and plays the ace; A plays the deuce, claims low and out, and refuses to play further; A has the jack, and the hand not being played, the game is in doubt. Who wins? B wins.

W. G., New York.—Has "Joe" Bernstein ever fought "Sammy" Kelly? Who got the decision? Let me know whether "Joe" Bernstein ever knocked anybody else out but "Solly" Smith. Bernstein lost to "Sammy" Kelly in ten rounds, Oct. 5, 1896. His record shows his knock out of Smith to be the only one.

L. S. F. C., Chicago.—A bet that a man sitting in a poker game has a right to ask how many cards another player drew, meaning that either the dealer or one of the players must tell him; B bets that nobody taking part in the game has to tell him; which wins? The dealer must tell if asked before a bet is made.

B. T., Luxora, Ark.—A and B, playing casino; A played a deuce to the board, and B played deuce and called it four; A played, and B played a four on the build and called it eight. Is that legal? A bet B that he could call a deck of cards by the back; A called the size, but he could not call the suit. Who wins? 1. No. 2. B wins.

T. S. B., Red Bank, N. J.—A and B playing continuous pool; A breaks; B then shoots with the No. 6 ball instead of the cue ball; after he has made three balls A claims foul; B claims that after he has made two shots he can continue playing the same as in three-ball billiards. Which is right? He must stop playing, but keeps the balls he made.

L. N. H., Ocala, Fla.—A, B, C and D playing draw poker, all jacks; A deals, B and C pass out and D opens pot; B stays and

CLUB-ROOM PICTURES

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SOLLY SMITH WAS

KNOCKED OUT IN 13 ROUNDS

BERNSTEIN'S VICTIM

Los Angeles Fighter Was Game, But Unequal to the Task.

HURLEY DEFEATS HANRAHAN

"Johnny" Richie, of Chicago, Has an Easy Mark in "Jerry" Barnett.

"Solly" Smith, of Los Angeles, proved his eligibility in the back number clam on August 18 by being beaten in a most emphatic manner by "Joe" Bernstein, in fact, the latter scored a knockout—the first in his long career of fights—for although he is conceded to be a clever sparrer and a game lad, Bernstein was never looked upon as a finisher, and his victories have invariably been won on points. He did the "trick" for Smith, however, in the thirteenth round of a rather uninteresting fight which took place before the Broadway Athletic Club. Smith seemed to be in good condition, but his fighting would have been discreditable to an amateur. At the outset he used his well-known rushing tactics, but Bernstein offset this with a clean defense, and short, heavy punches that gradually took all the steam out of the Californian. When the right chance appeared to end the battle Bernstein was equal to the emergency. The house was packed to the doors, and the crowd had plenty of fun, as all of the bouts provided decisive results.

The betting contingent favored Bernstein and laid 100 to 70 that he would win. The latter came into the ring escorted by "Jack" Dougherty, "Jim" Frank and William Whitman. Smith was handled by "Alley" King, "Charley" Carroll, "Lex" Fields and "Johnny" Richie. They were matched to go twenty-five rounds at 122 pounds.

There were no startling incidents in the first two rounds. Smith tried swings and Bernstein blocked nearly all of them. Smith rushed viciously in the third, and landed several good punches in the stomach. Bernstein was still unwilling to set the pace, and whenever he countered, there was not a great deal of steam in his blows. Smith put a lump under "Joe's" left eye in the fourth, and, incidentally, had the round on work. Smith got first blood in the fifth, from Bernstein's nose. In the sixth, the Californian continued his aggressiveness, although Bernstein began to do some real fighting at close quarters.

Bernstein improved so much in the seventh that it looked like anybody's fight. They indulged in hurricane fighting in the eighth, Smith resorting to clinches at the close. Bernstein forced it in the ninth, and "Solly" went to his corner with a bleeding left eye. As Smith rushed in the tenth, Bernstein side-stepped and whipped a heavy left to the nose that spread the blood all over "Solly's" face. Bernstein's superior strength was cutting a figure, for he was able to withstand his opponent's desperate rushes without serious distress.

Bernstein's solid jabs brought more blood in the eleventh. Smith seemed to be slowly weakening, for his rushes were less vigorous and his punches lacked force. But he revived in the twelfth, which he opened with a fierce rush, driving his man to a corner where they mixed it like wild cats. Bernstein finally fought Smith off with well-directed smashes, and with a couple of wallops on the jaw, he scored a clean knockdown. Smith was up on the sixth count, only to be floored three times more. The bell saved him, for he was very groggy when it sounded.

Smith came gamely for the thirteenth and rushed. Bernstein blocked him off and then jabbed him rapidly in the face. Smith was tottering and ready to drop, when he received a clean right-hand jolt on the point of the jaw. It was the decisive blow, for Smith fell to the floor and was counted out. The time of the round was 2 minutes and 13 seconds.

The first bout of the evening provided a surprise in the defeat of "Bill" Hanrahan, the famous amateur middleweight champion, by "Tim" Hurley, of Saquehanna. They were scheduled to box twenty rounds at 156 pounds, but the formality of shaking hands had hardly been concluded before Hurley received a left-hand smash on the jaw and was promptly sent to the floor. He was groggy as he got up on the eighth count, but at that he called in, swinging blows at Hanrahan's head with mighty force. Hanrahan attempted to beat him off with left jolts in the face, but Hurley kept coming, and with a right under the chin he floored the amateur in impressive style. Hanrahan did not care about waiting for the referee's count, but scrambled up and rushed. Another punch in the face bowled him over, but he got up only to be sent down again as before. He was groggy at this period, but he drew the blood from Hurley's mouth with a stiff jab. "Tim" threw all of his strength into still another swing that landed on the jaw, and this time Hanrahan floundered about on the canvas until the referee, John White, had counted him out. The time of the round was 2 minutes 33 seconds.

The crowd clamored for more fighting, and Manager Padden promptly put on another preliminary of six rounds, at catch weights, between "Johnny" Richie, of Chicago, and "Jerry" Barnett, of Brooklyn. They had to fight in their stocking feet, as there were no shoes in the house to fit them. Barnett got tired of receiving left jabs in the face during the first round, so when the second began he rushed to swing it. Richie so-n dropped him with a belt on the jaw, but on the ninth second Barnett arose and mixed to the bell, even though he was in some distress.

Barnett was game enough in the third to rush again, but Richie, with repeated smashes on the jaw, knocked him down three times in rapid succession. Barnett was practically helpless, when the referee interfered and declared the Chicago boy the winner.

SULLIVAN AND HAMILTON DRAW.

The feature of the fifth show at the Greenwood Athletic Club of Greater New York on August 19 was a twenty-five round contest between "Dave" Sullivan and "Jack" Hamilton. It went the limit and resulted in a draw. The men fought tooth and nail from start to finish. They fought at 124 pounds. Sliced up as a whole, Hamilton had none the worst of the situation, and it would be of special interest to see these two fighters face one another again.

The ten-round go at 115 pounds between "Eddie" Cain, of Brooklyn, and "Jack" Lowery, of Manhattan, which set the ball in motion, was not decided by the bulk of the bulk of the spectators. Lowery got the decision, but Cain was manifestly entitled to it.

At the same weight "Johnny" Hines and "Jimmy" Lewis, both of Brooklyn, put on the gloves for a ten-round bout. This was likewise interesting as long as it lasted. Hines closing the argument in one minute and fifty-five seconds with a right hook blow on Lewis' chin.

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A DOLLAR SPENT FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE WITH SUPPLEMENTS IS A DOLLAR WELL INVESTED

PALMER IS FAVORITE

IN THEIR FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

OVER "TERRY" McGOVERN

Greed and Avarice Induced McCoy to Make the Match With McCormick Which Resulted in His Downfall.

REFEREE SILER OCCUPIES A DISTINCTLY EMINENT POSITION

Weinig Not Cast in the Champion's Mould---Kennedy Arrives in the East---Brady Homeward Bound---Small Talk.

It is narrowing down to a period very brief before "Terry" McGovern and "Pedlar" Palmer step in the ring of the Westchester Athletic Club to decide the question of supremacy at 116 pounds, and incidentally the possession of \$10,000. The match is attracting more attention among the local followers of pugilism than any fight that has taken place between little fellows since George Dixon and "Solly" Smith fought their memorable battle at Coney Island for the championship, when the gate receipts approximated close to \$27,000. The fight between McGovern and Palmer will be of a genuine championship importance, for no one can dispute the fact that the two participants represent the class of their respective countries. Palmer is undoubtedly the best little fighter that Great Britain has ever produced. When he whipped Pimner he acquired the distinction of beating the best man in America, for although the latter was an Englishman he had campaigned in America and defeated everybody he met at his weight. Palmer has also had the satisfaction of winning from everybody in his class Great Britain could produce, and incidentally adding to his record a few victories over some of our traveling aspirants for fistic fame, including "Dave" Sullivan and "Billy" Rotchford, of Chicago.

In England Palmer is looked upon as an invincible quality. While at the same time there is no gainsaying the fact that McGovern enjoys the confidence of his countrymen to quite a similar extent. The confidence of their respective admirers will be represented by a vast amount of money that will be bet on the result. Palmer has a small percentage of the odds in his favor here, while in England he is a 2 to 1 favorite. This, however, is quite justified by the past performances of the men and the fighters whom they have vanquished; but this does not deter McGovern's adherents from proclaiming their confidence in his ability to win.

The fight will determine the possession of the 116-pound championship of the world—a scale which is not distinctly tantamount and is withal too light to involve the featherweight title. It is a weight, however, which is a popular one just now on both sides of the Atlantic, and quite as significant as the welterweight class, which was opened to facilitate opportunities for heavy lightweights and light middleweights to contest for special honors.

Without the significance of a championship being involved the fight would be an important one, and such it is regarded. Palmer and McGovern are at their respective training quarters, preparing for the forthcoming battle, and nothing will be lacking in the matter of condition when the two lads step into the ring. The date of the fight has been postponed from Sept. 1 to Sept. 11. The Westchester Athletic Club is located at Tuckahoe, N. Y., about thirty minutes from the Grand Central depot and special trains will be run to and from the enclosure on the day of the battle.

My pugilistic calculations seem to have been very much awry when I figured on "AP" Weinig, of Buffalo, as a dark horse in the race for middleweight championship honors. On the strength of one or two good fights with a couple of pugs in the "lobsterino" class I began to figure him in as a possibility, and looked forward to seeing him in the Metropolis mixed in with some of the big guns in that division; but I am afraid now that it will be a long time before we hear the flip-flap of his Cinderella if he can't do any better than he did with poor old "Dick" O'Brien. The latter, who was as fat as country sausage, just waded into the new aspirant for champ. honors and in two rounds made him look like a toy wagon in a trolley smash-up.

Weinig's friends attribute his defeat to loss of temper and say that when O'Brien "handed him a hot one" on the mouth he "lost his nut" and went in to end matters summarily against the advice of his seconds. A man who can't take a punch in the mouth and smile just as if that was all he needed to make him happy won't make much headway as a fighter, and I most seriously urge Weinig to cultivate an even temper before he essays to perform any more pugilistic stunts.

Apropos of the McGovern-Palmer fight I was somewhat amused the other day at reading what was to all intents and purposes a press notice for the Dubuque fistic carnival and incidentally a "cap" for George Siler, who has been selected to referee the McGovern-Palmer affair. The article was as follows:

"Now, in order to make New York in time to referee the Palmer-McGovern bout, Siler would be compelled to leave Dubuque on August 30. This would leave the welterweight championship bout between "Tommy" Ryan and "Jack" Moffatt without a referee.

"Siler tried to effect an arrangement by which the Dubuque Club would release him from the last night's engagement, but the club refused, and Siler was placed in a rather embarrassing position. This was all happily arranged by the postponement of the Palmer-Mc-

Govern battle, and Siler will now sit in judgment on all of the 20-round contests booked for the Dubuque carnival."

The followers of pugilism in this vicinity will doubtless read the above with unqualified delight. The action of those interested in the fight in sending a thousand miles for a referee rather suggests the idea that the effete East does not possess a single individual who is capable of giving an intelligent interpretation of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. As I have retired from the ring—in the capacity of referee—I do not regard it in the light of a personal reflection, but "Charley" White of the Lenox Club, "Johnny" White of the



"SAM" HARRIS

The Energetic and Indefatigable Manager of Champion "Terry" McGovern, Who is Now Matched to Fight "Pedlar" Palmer.

Broadway Club, "Brooklyn Jimmy" Carroll of the Westchester Club, and a few unattached referees have every reason to feel affronted by reason of what has been done. Greater New York is at present the head centre of the pugilistic game in America—in the world I might say, and the leading organizations which promote boxing here have availed themselves of the services of the most capable officials to be had anywhere. The opinions of these gentlemen are satisfactory to thousands of steady patrons of the clubs, to the members of the betting fraternity who entrust thousands of dollars to their honesty and the correctness of their judgment and to the boxing gentry who rely upon their sense of fairness and ability to discriminate in judging the merits of a contest. I am unable to tell in what particular quality Mr. Siler excels over the gentlemen above named. He is honest, but not more honest than those referred to; he is intelligent, but his intelligence is not more acute than that of the gentlemen named. They are on the spot and have the confidence of the people who will pay their money to witness the fight, and the latter at least should be entitled to some consideration. Siler is all right; I know him and like him, but what's the matter with our own referees?

George Dixon, while fit and able to fight as ever he was in his life will have to take an enforced vacation for some time to allow for the complete recovery of an injury to his eyes, which was badly cut open in his recent fight with "Eddie" Santry. He is being treated by Dr. Creamer, who is the examining physician to the Broadway Athletic Club. I was pre-

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ent the other day when the doctor was patching up the injured optic and heard him incidentally remark that unless Dixon took the very best of care of himself during the time he is undergoing treatment he is liable to lose the sight of the eye and, perhaps, fall a victim to sympathetic blindness.

One of the finest double-page half-tone supplements ever issued, "Terry" McGovern and "Pedlar" Palmer in the ring, will be given with POLICE GAZETTE No. 1153, out Sept. 14, with full details and double-page illustration of the contest. Order your copies in advance.

It would avail nothing to offer any extenuating excuse for a boxer who hasn't any more regard for his hard-earned reputation than to risk sacrificing it for a few paltry dollars. Greed and avarice have at last resulted in the inevitable defeat of "Kid" McCoy. He has been taking chances with "suckers" so long that he began to grow "cocky," and in the belief supreme in his ability to whip any and everybody who came along, he became careless, and invited his own downfall.

I cannot see anything in "Jack" McCormick's victory to enthuse over. It was simply the case of a selling plaster going against a stake horse and winning out through an unforeseen circumstance. McCoy attributes his defeat to carelessness, resulting from overconfidence. He outclasses the man who knocked him out, and should have beaten him easily, but he didn't, and there you are!

McCoy deserves to be severely censured for taking a chance of losing his reputation to a man of McCormick's calibre, and only avarice and greed for money can explain his doing so. It is an old school pugilistic maxim which says, "Fight a sucker as carefully as you would a champion," and George Dixon always held that an awkward novice was more to be feared than an accomplished, scientific fighter, and I agree with him.

The monetary incentive for McCoy to go into the ring with McCormick could not have been very great, but it doubtless looked like "a remittance from home,"

box McCoy in Philadelphia, without any hesitation declared the bout off and agreed to meet McCormick instead.

"Joe" Kennedy, the California heavyweight pugilist, who recently came into prominence through defeating "Doc" Rohlin in a twenty-round contest, has arrived in New York, prepared to exhibit his fistic skill in a contest with Peter Maher. On appearances alone, Kennedy would be picked out in a gathering of aspirants for fistic fame as a likely man to become a factor in championship matters. He is a stalwart man six feet in height and weighs when in condition 185 pounds. He strips now at about 198 pounds. He says he was born in California on Jan. 26, 1877, and has been fighting since 1895. He declares he has never been defeated. He has whipped, beside Rohlin, "Joe" Maher, three rounds; "Mexican Pete" Everett, two rounds; "Dooley Paulson, two rounds; Castro, four rounds; "Billy" Allen, one round, and "Jack" Stenaler, "Bob" Fitzsimmons' former sparring partner.

Kennedy has a wonderful physique and stands erect as an arrow. He is smooth shaven and possesses more intelligence than the ordinary run of scrappers. He said:

"I am here to fight Peter Maher, and if I win I will be after a match with either Sharkey or Jeffries."

Kennedy is accompanied by "Spider" Kelly, the California lightweight, and "Jack" Collins, his manager.

"Jack" McCormick in an interview the other day said:

"I have fought thirty-one battles in a year and haven't been licked yet."

I guess he thinks he was playing lawn tennis with Sharkey in Philadelphia.

While still retaining the management of two successful theatres in New Orleans, "Parson" Davies has no intention of being lost in the sporting shuffle. He has bought the Crescent Billiard Hall in New Orleans and will have an opening on Oct. 2. The place is now being thoroughly renovated and refitted, with twenty new tables, carpets, decorations and interior furnishings. Mr. Davies will have as an associate in the enterprise, Chas. J. Parker, of Chicago, who was formerly connected with Frank Ives, "Jake" Schaefer, George Slosson, "Billy" Sexton and others. The business gives every indication of proving successful, and the genial "Parson" merits congratulation.

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Printing presses, like time, wait for no man, and the exigencies of the occasion compel me to defer commenting upon W. A. Brady's experiences abroad until next week. Mr. Brady is now "on the briny" and due to arrive here to-morrow. From all that I can learn by cable Brady has been doing some remarkable things in England besides introducing Jeffries to the British sporting public. He is said to be behind a scheme to organize a boxing club in London in opposition to the National Sporting Club. The story says the plan of the new club is to import American boxers to meet the English cracks.

According to report he has also signed contracts for an American tour with "Will" Curley, who is matched to fight Palmer in England, also with Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," "Bobby" Dobbs, "Ben" Jordan and arranged for all, with the exception of Dobbs, to come over within a week or two. Dobbs is already here, having arrived on Wednesday last.

Brady's anxiety to reach New York is due to his desire to be present at the opening of the sealed bids for the Jeffries-Sharkey match on Sept. 1. Although he was unable to bring about a meeting between Jeffries and "Charley" Mitchell, Mr. Brady was much gratified at Jeffries' reception in England, where the American pugilist is making many friends. It has been decided now that Jeffries and Mitchell will spar four rounds at the Aquarium, on the last night of the champion's appearance in England. Mitchell is doing this simply as a compliment to the American boxer. Jeffries will go to Paris Sept. 1 for a week and will then return for a short tour of the English provinces. SAM C. AUSTIN.

Don't miss our great double-page supplement of Palmer and McGovern in the ring, out Sept. 14. No extra charge.

"CHRIS" MILLAR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Chris" Millar is well known throughout the country as an athletic promoter, particularly in the world of pugilism. He is an old hand at the fistic game himself, having in 1884 won the amateur featherweight championship of England at St. James' Hall, London. Millar was a pupil of "Jem" Mac's and a great favorite with the British veteran. In 1892 he entered upon a pedestrian tour for the Chicago Times, then the property of Carter H. Harrison the elder. Millar on this occasion walked around the United States, a distance of 15,000 miles. Many heavy wagers were made by Western sporting men upon this feat, which "Chris" accomplished successfully.

At present Millar is looking after the interests of Young Kenny, the crack Chicago lightweight, who is at present matched with "Jack" Lewis for a twenty-round contest before the Dubuque Athletic Association of Dubuque, Ia. This battle will decide the lightweight championship of the West, and if his protégé is successful Millar intends to bring him East and challenge Frank Erne or any of the leaders in the light division on the Chicagoan's behalf.

"Chris" is an important factor in political circles in the Windy City and deservedly popular amongst the local sporting fraternity. He is a native of the Emerald Isle, having been born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1865.

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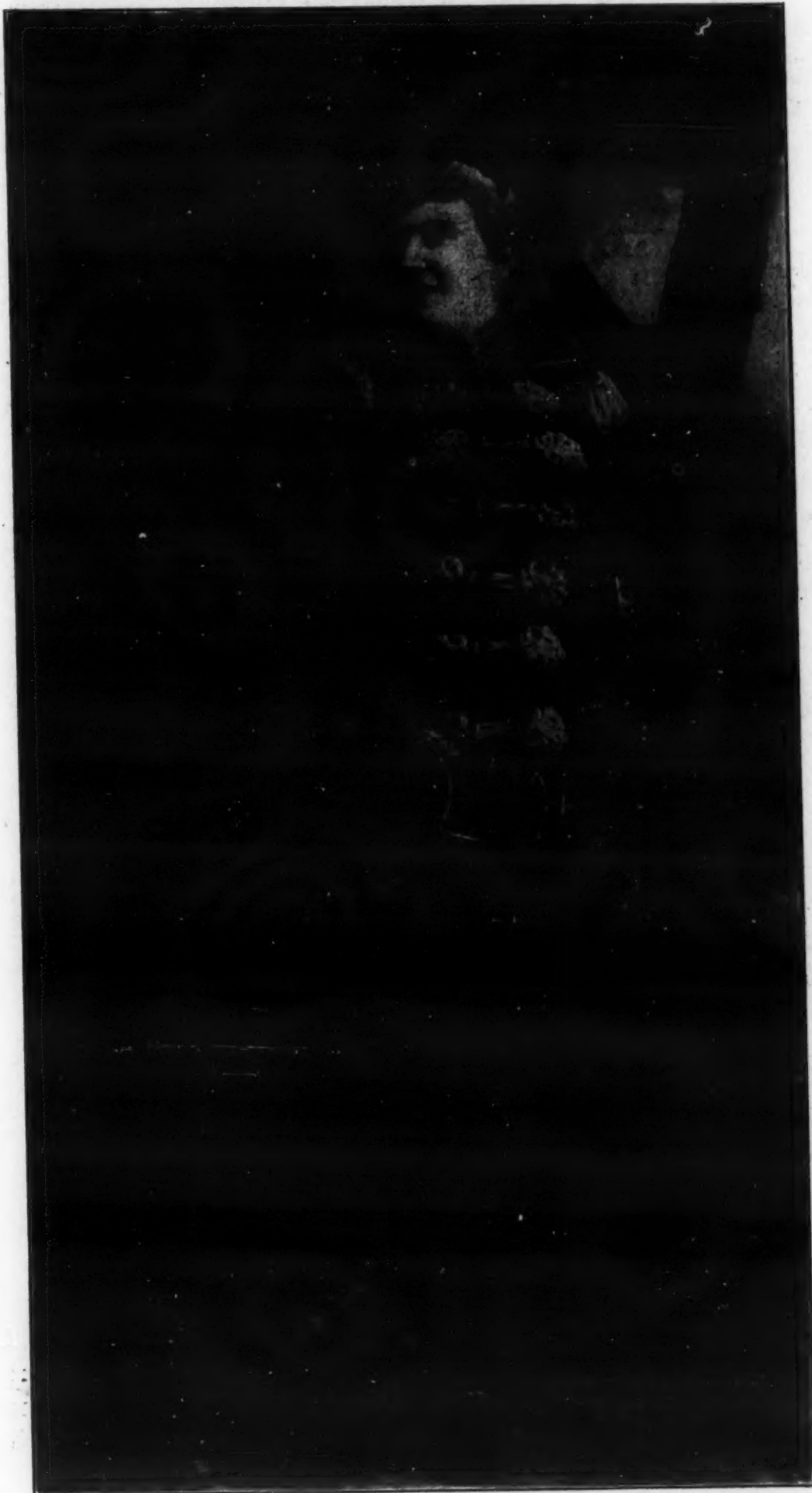
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AS AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.



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WILLING TO MEET ALL COMERS.



TONY BUFANO.

A YOUNG CONNELLSVILLE, PA., PUGILIST WITH A
GOOD RECORD IN THE RING.

HOSTS WHO ARE POPULAR

Harry Campbell, of the Club Cafe, Wilkesbarre, Pa.



Harry Campbell, the once famous sprinter, is the owner of that delightful resort at 40 West Market street, Wilkesbarre, Pa., known as the Club Cafe. His bar is a gem of rich ornamentation without flashy accessories. The surrounding walls are hung with *POLICE GAZETTE* portraits of famous pugilists, all neatly framed, making a panorama of muscular humanity that attracts everybody's attention. Mr. Campbell, still a young man, is happily endowed with qualities that make him a most genial host. Intelligent beyond the ordinary run of men in his class, he is able to entertain the most cultured of his guests. His cafe has become the resort of the best people in the community.

GOSSIP OF THE MIXERS.

The Sacramento, Cal., wine clerks anxiously await the arrival of the *POLICE GAZETTE* every Saturday night.

"Ed" Porter, formerly of the So Different saloon at Sacramento, Cal., has opened a first-class hotel and bar at Vallejo, Cal.

Charles E. Dunlop, the popular mixologist, is back from Cuba, and is with Gliden's Alhambra Music Hall, Savannah, Ga., where he will be a favorite as he always was.

"Fred" Elliott, of The Del Paso, at Sacramento, Cal., expects to go on a camping trip to the mountains after the State Fair. No applications; the party is made up.

"Johnny" O'Neill, of Pabst Cafe, Sacramento, Cal., is the originator of the Columbia Punch, and during the recent hot spell has done a land office business on it, having made over a hundred in one day.

"Jake" Zamonsky, the saloonman's friend of Sacramento, Cal., was before the City Council last week and made a grand stand talk against the revocation of the piano license, and he was successful, as usual.

Emil Grasser, proprietor of the Haymarket Saloon, at Louisville, Ky., shows that he appreciates the supplement. He has had them framed in gilt at a cost of \$150. He says they make a fine appearance and attract a great deal of attention.

"Billy" Donohue, late of the Sacramento, Cal., police force, has opened the old Hoffman Saloon, of Sacramento, with "Winnie" Winteringer as manager. May he do as well in his undertaking as the late Arthur Miller did in the same house.

The Sacramento, Cal., saloon men are looking forward to the coming State Fair, which is held in this city during the month of September. Judging from present indications everything will run "wide open" which means money for the saloon man as well as other branches of trade.

TRY THESE NEW DRINKS.

They Are All Excellent and Are Well Worth Making.

Keep your eyes on these new drinks. They may be worth money to you some day. A bartender's ability to please his customers is his stock in trade, and to do it he must keep abreast of the times. Reading the *POLICE GAZETTE* will help him.

SLOE RICKEY.

(By W. J. Burke, Litchfield, Conn.)

Use rickey glass; one piece of ice; squeeze one lime in glass; one pony of Sloe gin; fill up with ginger ale. Stir well with spoon.

KAHN COCKTAIL.

(By Samuel Kahn, Occidental Hotel, Broome and Bowery, New York city.)

Use mixing glass; put in three dashes of orange bitters; four dashes Maraschino; two dashes Vermouth; one jigger of apple jack.

BOBBY BURNS COCKTAIL.

(By W. J. Burke, Litchfield, Conn.)

Use mixing glass; fill up with shaved ice; two dashes of gum; two dashes of orange bitters; two dashes of ginger cordial; one

pony of Scotch whiskey. Strain into cocktail glass; squeeze lemon rind and serve.

HON. JOHN CAMPBELL COCKTAIL.

(By T. L. Wasson, Park House, Schenectady, N. Y.)

Medium size bar glass half full shaved ice; one pony glass of brandy; fill with milk and stir well with spoon. Serve.

RHINE WINE COCKTAIL.

(By John Williams, with Fitzgerald Bros., 1916 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.)

Bar glass one-half full of cracked ice; four dashes of gum syrup; two dashes of Angostura bitters; two dashes of Curacao; one-half dash of Italian Vermouth; three dashes of Cognac brandy; one-half wine glass of Rhine wine; mix well and serve in cocktail glass with lemon peel and cherry.

SILAS HOTEL COOLER.

(By W. S. DeLong, Head Bartender Silas Hotel, Springfield, Ill.)

Half of lime; one-fourth of an orange; half of tablespoon of sugar; maul this in large bar glass; one jigger of Philox fruit gin; strawberry or orange flavor; ice, and shake well and pour in long fizz glass. Serve with straw, and fruit in season. P. S.—In absence of the fruit gin, use Booth's Old Tom.

MIXED DRINK.

(By J. B. Allen, Head Bartender Sea View House, Apalachicola, Fla.)

Use two pony beer glasses; in one glass put bar spoonful of cooking soda and three-fourths full crushed ice; break one egg on ice; put wine glass of either whiskey or sherry in same, and thoroughly whip in shaker; in other glass squeeze the juice of one-half a lemon; three dashes Angostura; three dashes peppermint. Pour the two together and serve immediately. This is an effervescent drink, nerve and tonic, and for impotency is unexcelled. Sherry is preferable.

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J. T. Sheridan, Daphne Saloon, Leadville, Col. "Sheridan Cocktail."

Edwin R. Karr, The Arlington, Middletown, Ohio. "Dewey Egg Nog."

"Joe" W. Abraham, The Climax, Montgomery, Ala. "The Sticker."

William Kane, Country Club, Plainfield, N. J. "Jetties Cross Counter."

John Welch, Tobner's Saloon, Seventeenth and Grand avenues, Kansas City, Mo. "Coxey Punch."

Harry Pockman, Sacramento, Cal. 1. "Ladies Favorite." 2. "Lee Silvery Cocktail." 3. "So Different Flip." 4. "Hobson's Choice."

Soldier Walker, Harp Saloon, Sacramento, Cal. "Soldier Walker's Rye Opener."

Charles Donovan, Sacramento, Cal. "Green Fizz."

John D. O'Neill, Pabst Cafe, Sacramento, Cal. "Columbia Punch."

John F. Kuhl, Ferris Wheel Park. 1. "Ferris Wheel Cocktail." 2. "Ferris Wheel Punch."

Matthew J. Radetich, 833 Poydr: st., New Orleans, La. "Frisco Fizz."

P. Burkhart, Wine Steward The Inn, Port Tampa, Fla. "Plant System Punch."

H. G. Boorse, Pan Handle Exchange, Hamilton, O. "Hamilton Fish Cocktail."

Fred H. Selbert, 493 S. High street, Columbus, O. 1. "Orange Flip." 2. "Mint Clarette."

Henry J. Schuster, Union Hotel, Ballston Spa, N. Y. "High Rock Fizz."

CONDITIONS WHICH GOVERN THE CONTEST.

The bartender who sends to the *POLICE GAZETTE* office between now and October 1 the best recipe for an original mixed drink will receive the magnificent *POLICE GAZETTE* trophy, valued at \$100. The competition will be judged by three well-known New York experts, whose names will be announced later.

Send in your recipes now, and a few will be printed every week, with your names and address attached. Get an advertisement for nothing. Proprietors of saloons are also invited to compete.

Send in your portraits for publication in the *POLICE GAZETTE*. They will be returned after they have been published.

In the meantime send in all the personal paragraphs about yourselves or your business you like.

"JIM" FRANEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The latest prize ring fatality occurred in San Francisco on August 17, when "Jim" Franey, of Cincinnati, died as the result of his encounter with Frank McConnell, which took place on the day previous. Franey was knocked out in the fourteenth round, and in falling his head struck the hard, unpadded floor of the ring with fearful force. All efforts to revive the unconscious fighter were unsuccessful and he died during the afternoon of the following day, having remained in a state of coma for about seventeen hours. McConnell and the others connected with the affair were arrested and are being held for a hearing on a charge of manslaughter. An autopsy was held to determine the cause of Franey's death and the physicians stated that the fighter's vital organs were diseased and that he was far from being a well man when he entered the ring.

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NOTICE.

When sending photographs to the
POLICE GAZETTE for publication,
write name and address plainly on
the back so they can be returned.

DUEL BETWEEN POLICEMEN.

Two Texans Fight to the Death With Revolvers.

Albert P. Rawlins and Charles A. Daniels, city policemen of Dallas, Tex., met at 4 o'clock the other morning at the most frequented "all night" spot in the heart of the city, Main and Poydras streets, and settled with pistols a difference of long standing. Rawlins died within five minutes from the time the first shot was fired, and Daniels was pronounced dead about an hour later.

The men were formerly friends, but for about three years a coldness, if not distinct ill will, existed between them. The night before Rawlins was off duty, and drank quite freely, it is said, in downtown saloons.

About 4 o'clock in the morning, while under the influence of liquor, Rawlins was about to enter a hack at Main and Poydras streets. Looking across Poydras street, he saw Officer Daniels sitting in a chair.

"There's the cowardly —," Rawlins is said to have exclaimed, pointing toward Daniels, and speaking so loudly that the latter could hear him. Daniels arose, walked across the street toward Rawlins and inquired:

"What was that you said?"

Rawlins repeated his language. Both men reached for their forty-five-calibre pistols and the duel began.

Although less than ten feet of space separated the duellists, only three shots struck their persons. One passed through Rawlins' head and the other through his body from the right side.

Daniels was hit in the upper part of the stomach, the ball coming out near the spine at the center of the back. The men fell in the street, but continued to fire wildly until the chambers of their pistols were empty. An immense plate glass window in the American National Bank, on the opposite side of the street, was shattered, and a like fate befel a similar window in the Knapp jewelry house, in front of which the men fought. The body of Rawlins was removed to the morgue. Daniels was taken into Apperson's drug store. He requested that his wife be sent for, and within an hour after her arrival he died with his head resting in her lap.

HE KNOWS A GOOD THING.

WAUKESHA, Ill., Aug. 22, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have read your paper for the last five years and find it up to date in every respect. Respectfully, CHAS. BAKER.

AN OHIO TRAGEDY.

A Demented Woman Kills Her Child and Herself.

The village of Greentown, near Akron, Ohio, was the scene of a frightful tragedy recently. Mrs. Imeo Wise deliberately murdered her fifteen-year-old daughter and then committed suicide by drowning. At 4:30 o'clock the husband awoke and found that his wife was not in bed. He hastened downstairs, and lighting a lamp went into the room of his step-daughter, Ruth Swartz. He made a horrible discovery. Her neck had been frightfully gashed with a razor, which he found on the floor by her bedside. The pillows and

coverings on the bed were literally soaked with the girl's life blood. The cut extended from ear to ear, gaping open in a horrible manner.

There were signs of a struggle, and he at once suspected the truth. He had heard nothing and did not miss his wife. She had evidently been very careful about awakening him as she arose to commit the terrible act. The girl had been dead for some time when her remains were found. He immediately called a physician, but his services were not needed. The people of the village were aroused and a search was at once instituted for Mrs. Wise. Tracks were noticed leading toward a stone quarry, about three-fourths of a mile distant. At this place the woman's bonnet was found by the side of a deep pool of water. Ropes and books were secured and this was dragged.

The remains of the missing wife and mother were soon brought to the surface. Mrs. Wise had recently threatened to take her own life. It is believed that she made careful preparations to kill her daughter and then end her own existence. The woman was undoubtedly temporarily demented.

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